

MARVEL
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COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR



AND THE FOG
WHISPERS--DEATH!

STAN LEE presents:

MATT... MATT!
ARE YOU LISTENING
TO ME? YOU'VE GOT
TO COME... GOT TO,
MATT. OR...OR...

I'LL
DIE!



STORY
DENNY
O'NEIL

ART
DAVID
MAZZUCHELLI

LETTERING
JOE
ROSEN

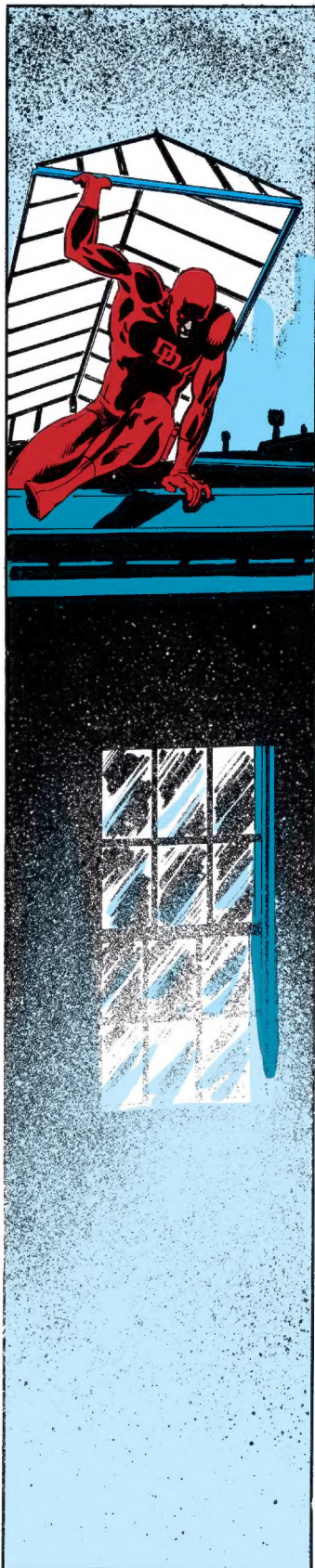
COLORING
CHRISTIE
SCHEELE

EDITING
RALPH
MACCHIO

SUPERVISION
JIM
SHOOTER

SPECIAL THANKS
TO
FRANK MILLER

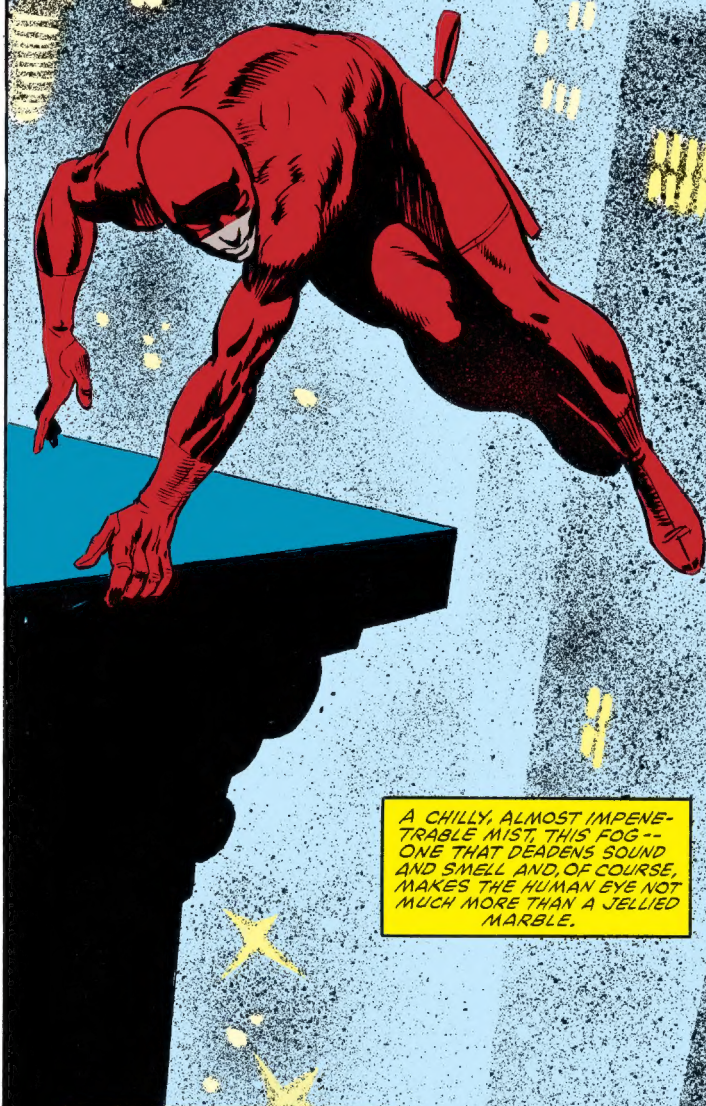




FOG.

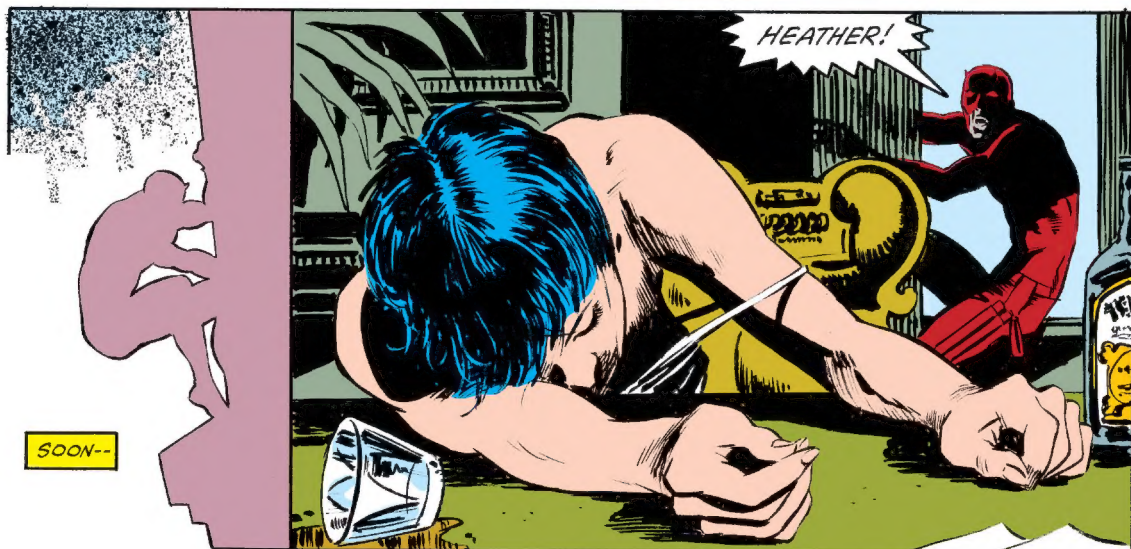
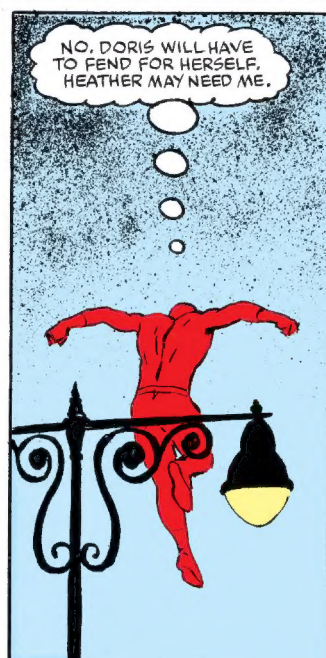
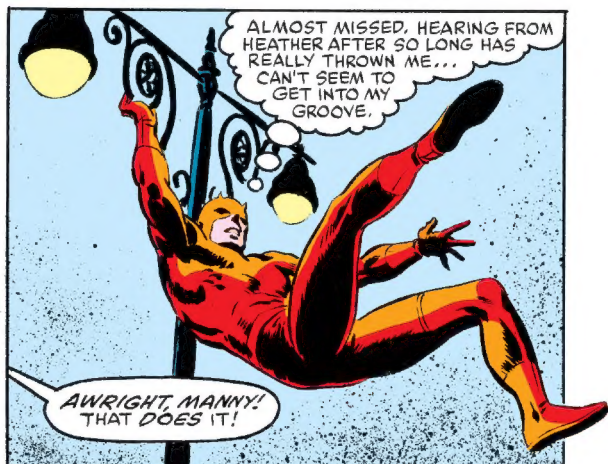
YESTERDAY, A WARM AIR MASS ORIGINATING IN THE CARIBBEAN SUDDENLY VEERED NORTH AND WITHIN HOURS MOVED INLAND TO NEW YORK, WHERE IT TOUCHED THE COLD CONCRETE OF THE WINTRY CITY.

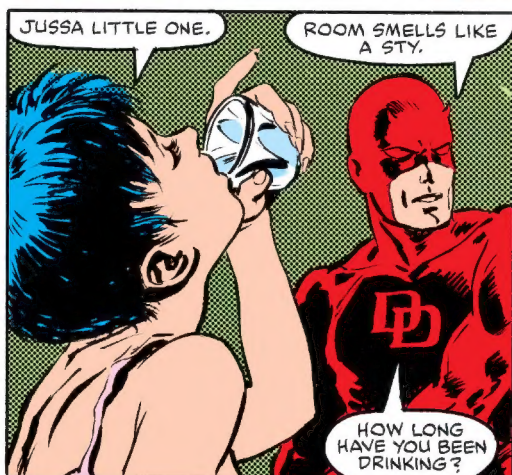
THE RESULT? FOG, THE WORST FOG THE CITIZENS OF NEW YORK CAN REMEMBER.

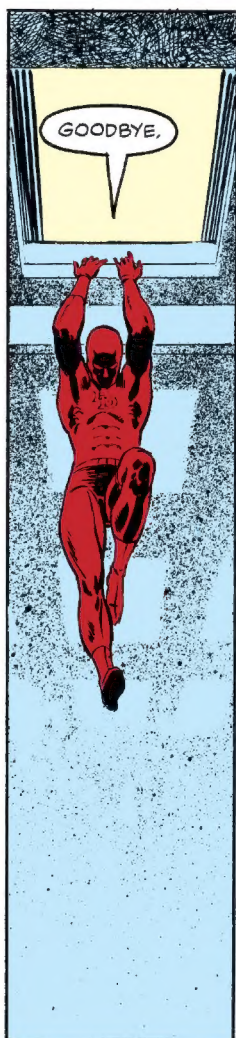
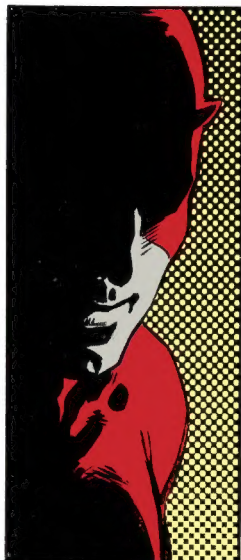
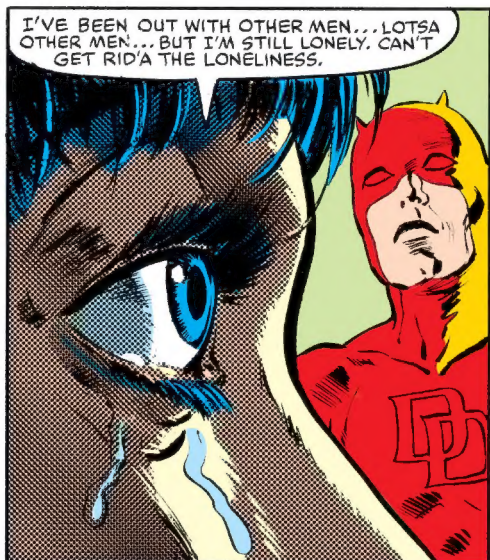


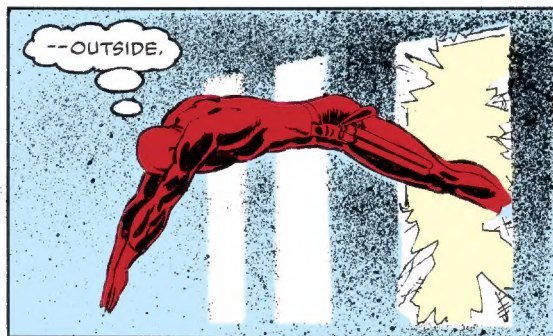
A CHILLY, ALMOST IMPENETRABLE MIST, THIS FOG -- ONE THAT DEADENS SOUND AND SMELL AND, OF COURSE, MAKES THE HUMAN EYE NOT MUCH MORE THAN A JELLIED MARBLE.

DAREDEVIL DOESN'T CARE ABOUT THAT. HE HASN'T USED HIS EYES SINCE HE WAS BLINDED IN A CHILDHOOD ACCIDENT YEARS AGO. AND HE DOESN'T REALLY REQUIRE HIS EARS AND NOSE, EITHER, NOT USUALLY. HE HAS WHAT HE CALLS HIS RADAR AND THAT'S NEARLY ALWAYS ENOUGH.

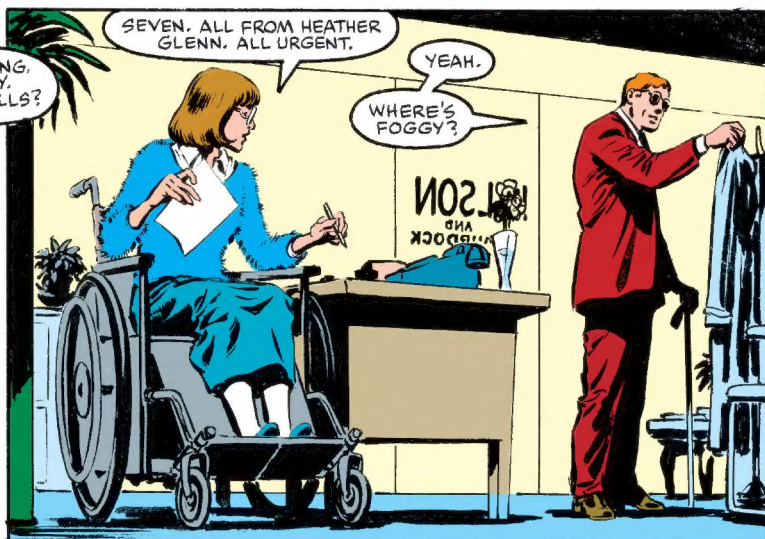
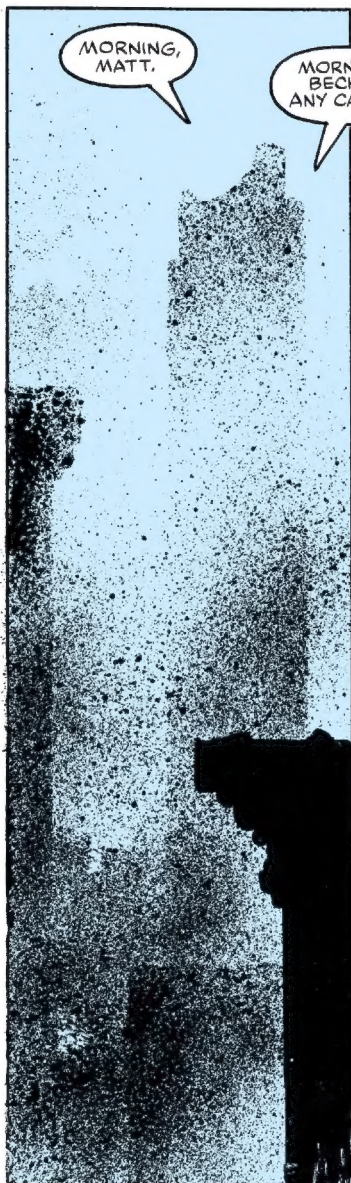
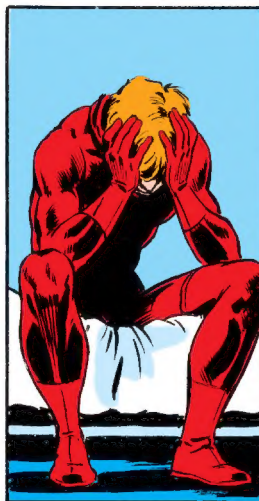


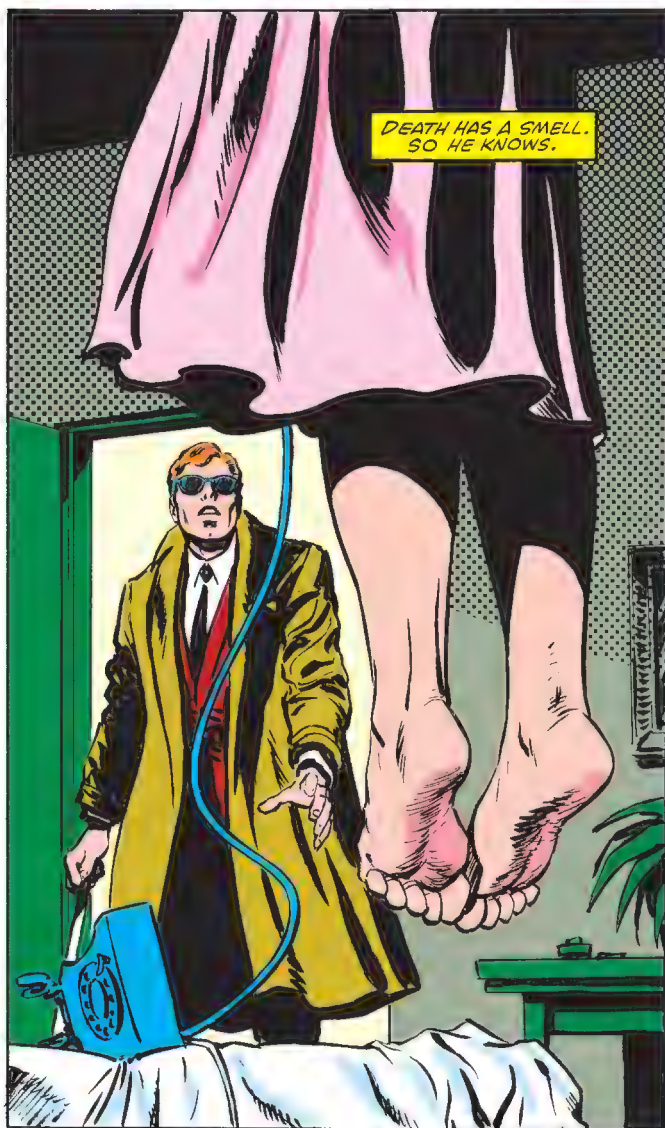


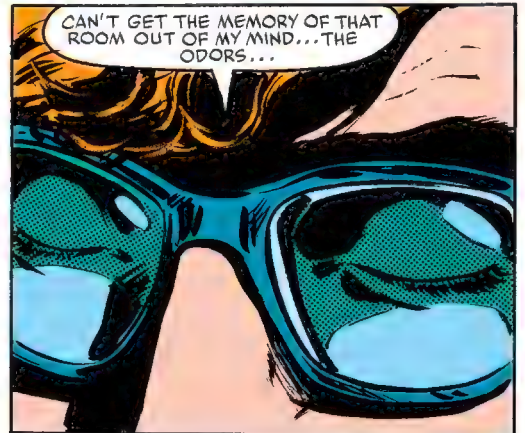
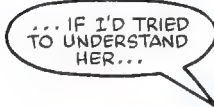
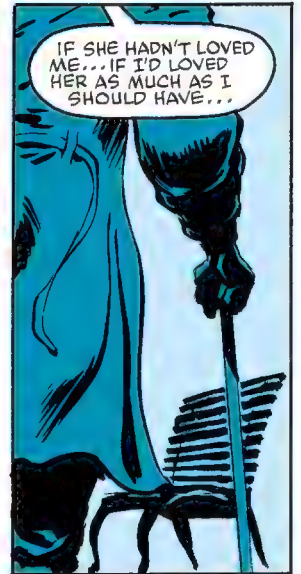
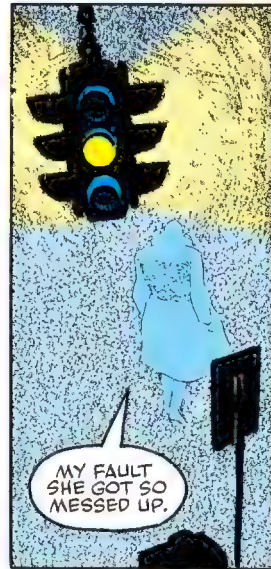
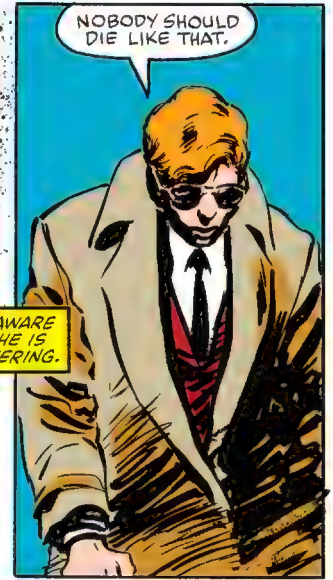
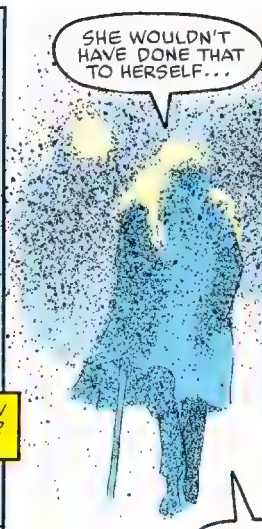
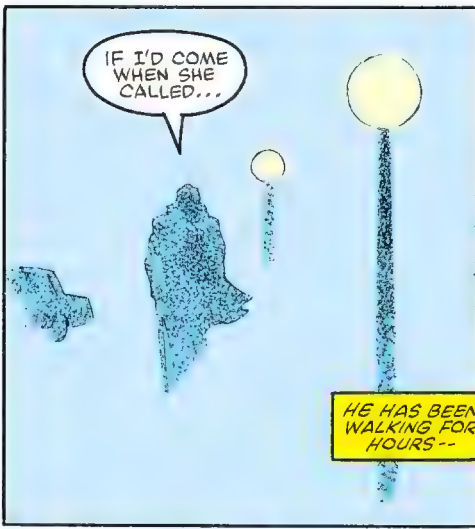


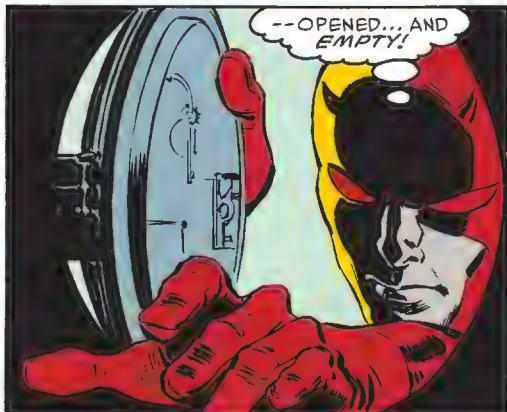
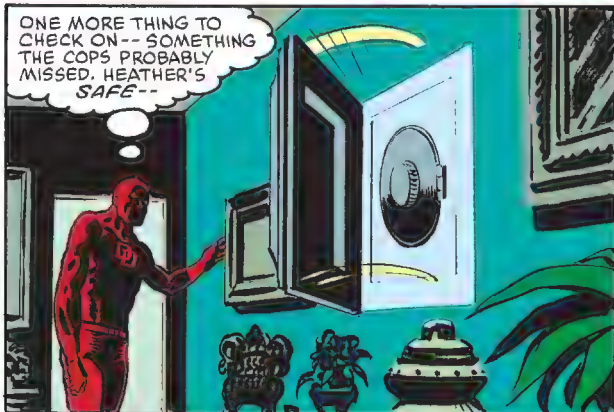


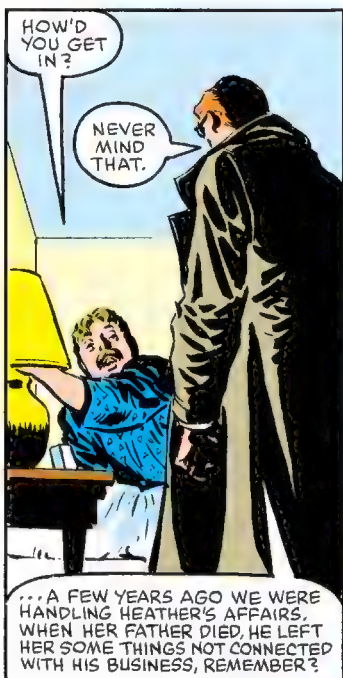
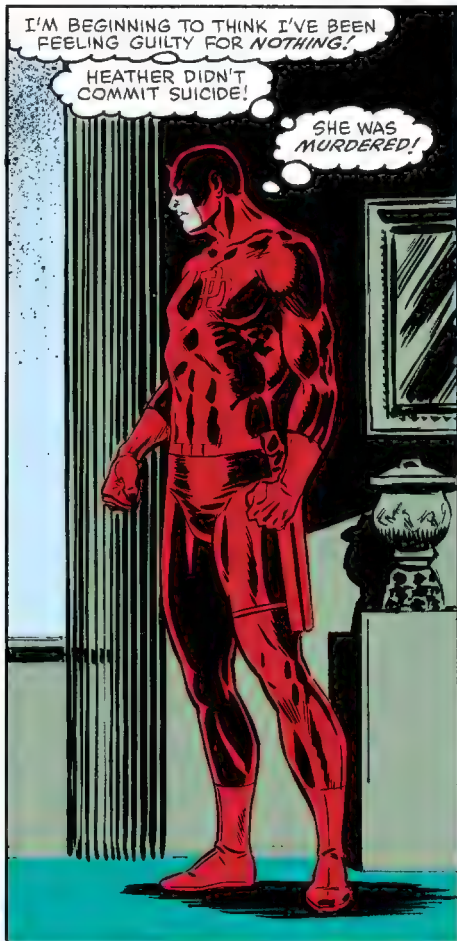














I'LL GET HIM, HEATHER.

I'LL FIND THE
MAN WHO MURDERED
YOU--

--AND I WILL
BREAK HIM!

A FEW HOURS LATER...

LOUSY FOG.

THEY SAY IT'LL GET
THICKER TONIGHT.

IT ALREADY LANDED
BENNO IN THE SLAMMER.



HOW'S
THAT?

HE RIPPED OFF THIS
TV SET FROM A HOUSE
ON EAST EIGHTY SIXTH.
ONLY THE FOG WAS SO
THICK HE COULDN'T FIND
HIS WAY BACK TO HIS
CAR.

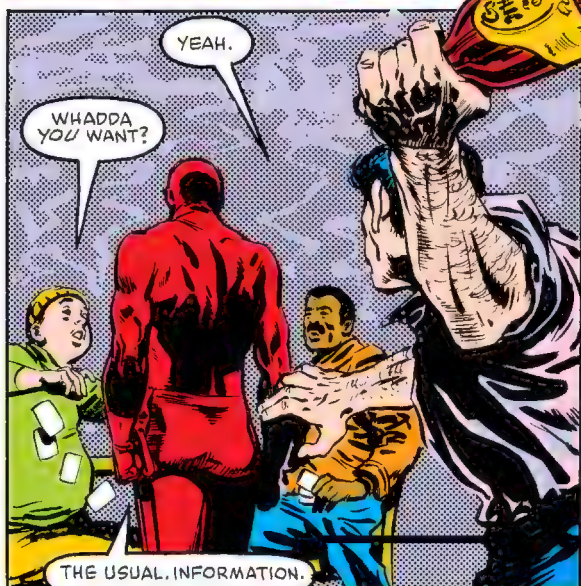
BAD.

SO HE HAILS WHAT HE THINKS IS A
CAB, ONLY IT AIN'T. IT'S A COP CAR.

LOUSY
FOG.

THINGS
COULD GET
WORSE,

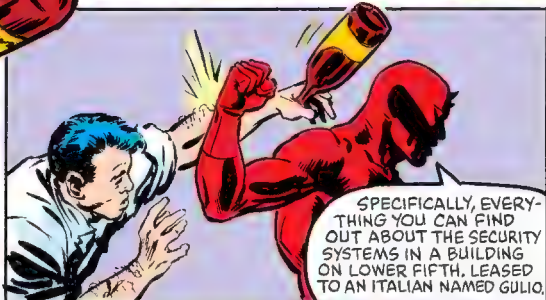
THEY
JUST DID.



YEAH.

WHADDA
YOU WANT?

THE USUAL INFORMATION.



SPECIFICALLY, EVERY-
THING YOU CAN FIND
OUT ABOUT THE SECURITY
SYSTEMS IN A BUILDING
ON LOWER FIFTH, LEASED
TO AN ITALIAN NAMED GULLO.



T-CHOK

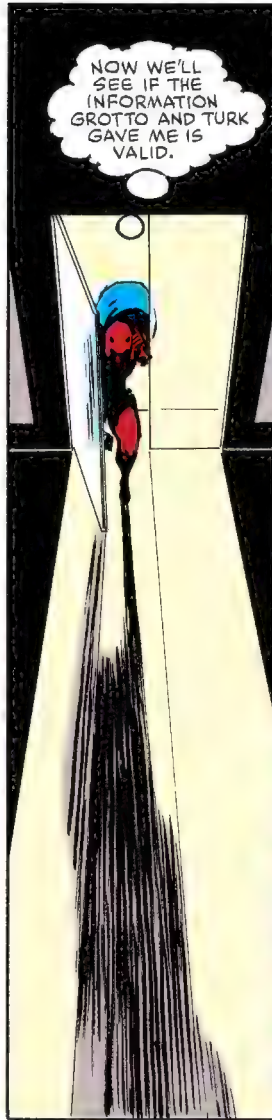
I'LL BE
BACK IN A
COUPLE
OF HOURS.



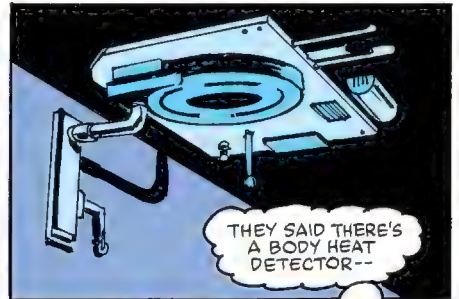
THEN--

AIR IS CLAMMY,
WET, THICK... MUST
MEAN THE FOG'S
HEAVY. GOOD. IT'LL
COVER ME WHILE
I DEAL WITH
THIS LOCK.

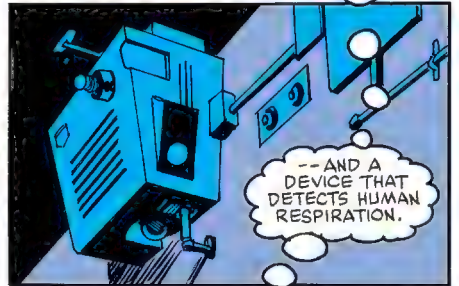
THERE,
IT'S
OPEN.



NOW WE'LL
SEE IF THE
INFORMATION
GROTTO AND TURK
GAVE ME IS
VALID.



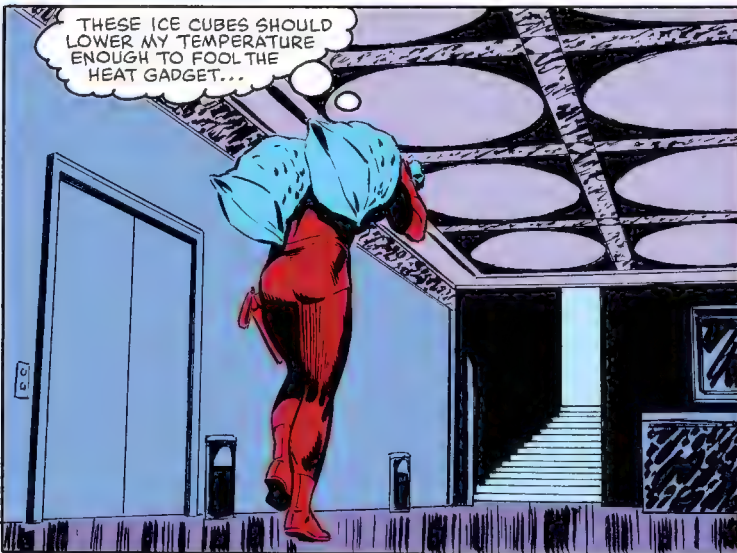
THEY SAID THERE'S
A BODY HEAT
DETECTOR--



-- AND A
DEVICE THAT
DETECTS HUMAN
RESPIRATION.



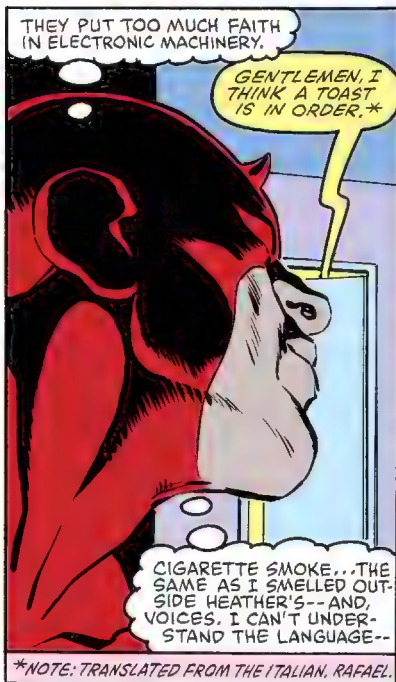
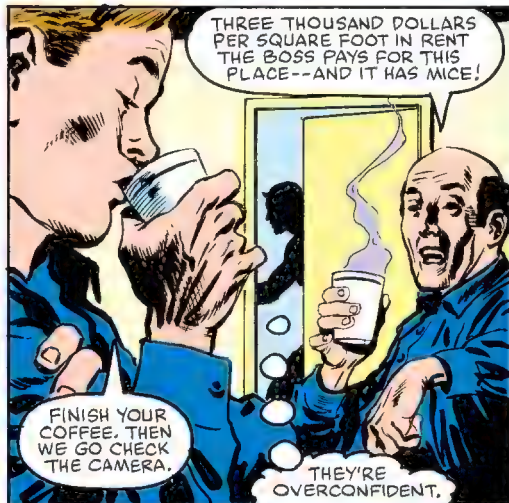
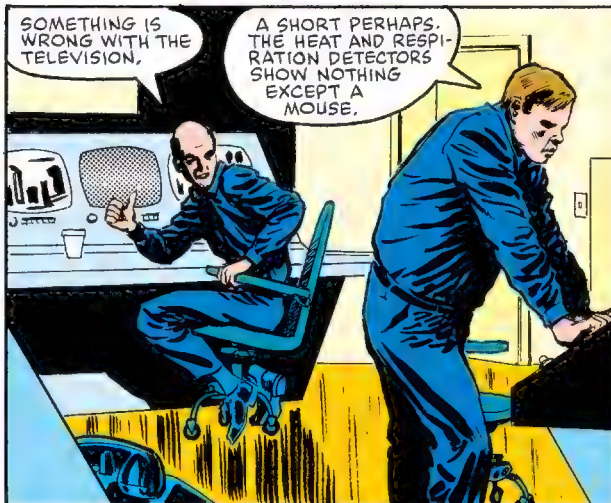
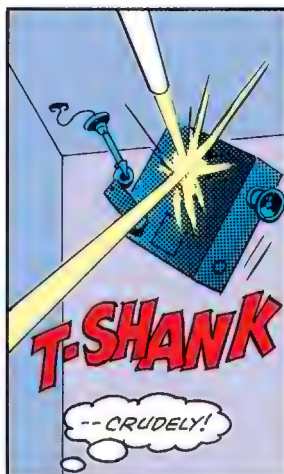
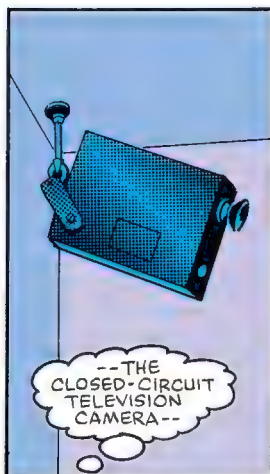
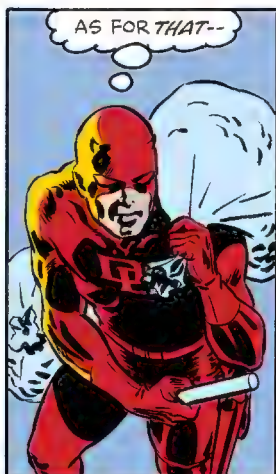
EITHER ONE WILL SET OFF AN ALARM
AND FILL THE ROOM WITH KNOCKOUT GAS.



THESE ICE CUBES SHOULD
LOWER MY TEMPERATURE
ENOUGH TO FOOL THE
HEAT GADGET...



... WHILE I ALTER MY BREATHING
TO MIMIC THAT OF A SMALL
RODENT...



*NOTE: TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN, RAFAEL.

